

As We Try by gala_apples

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Summary:

Nancy and Steve finally get up the nerve to ask Jonathan to join them.

As We Try

Author's Note:

written for the seasonofkink prompt 'first time'.

Nancy waits in the hallway until Jonathan gets to his locker, and then she approaches. "I've got a proposition for you. Can you come to the baseball diamond after last period?"

On one hand, she's kind of being mysterious and overformal. On the other hand, Nancy's really got no choice. She doesn't want to have this conversation where she can be overheard. There's slut shaming, which has very little effect on her, and then there's ruining things before they have a chance to begin. Besides, if she gives Jonathan a clue there's not a chance he'll show up.

"Um. Sure, I guess."

She doesn't blame him for being hesitant. They haven't really talked since the night at Murray's. Say what you will about the stinking mess that is her relationship with Steve, at least they communicate. It might be a third through dirty talk and a third through yelling, but at least it's something. It's clearer than the meanings of her and Jonathan's on again off again thing.

"Great. See you then!"

Nancy doesn't consider it an ambush to have Steve waiting with her at the baseball diamond after school. Judging by Jonathan's expression, he does.

"Uh. Hi Steve. Wasn't expecting you. Nancy said she wanted something. I guess you both do? Is it pictures?"

"No. Do you want to have sex with Nancy while I watch?"

Jonathan's jaw drops. Nancy can't blame him for the shock, but she wishes he'd said something. It's easier to reply to a comment than an expression. She can't just start dirty talking about what it'll be like, not when she doesn't know if it'll help or hurt. Instead she goes the

more moral path; genuine. “We mean it, Jonathan. We want you to be with us.”

“This isn’t funny. I don’t-” Jonathan cuts off. He seems so vulnerable, at all times. Nancy likes Steve’s cockiness, but there’s something to be said about vulnerability.

“We do mean it. Please, can we go somewhere and be with each other?”

Steve nods. “I know it’s kind of weird, dude, but it could be cool too, right?”

“Are you two still dating?”

“We are,” Nancy says. “But we’ve talked about it, about you, more than once. It’s not cheating, this time. We both want it.” They want more than that, of course. It’d be more fun if Jonathan was having sex with both of them. That hopeful eventuality is what they truly want. But even if her theory is right, about him being mostly gay and only a little straight, the opposite of Steve, Hawkins High is such hostile territory that even alone she doubts he’ll admit it here.

“If. If you’re not joking, I, I think I guess I could.”

“Awesome, man.” Steve reaches out and claps Jonathan on the shoulder. Nancy’s half expecting Jonathan to flinch, and is very happy when he doesn’t. The more signs he’s into this, the more relieved Nancy feels. There’s a huge difference between agreement of boyfriend and girlfriend and agreement of the third party. Especially when it’s Jonathan.

“So. Um. So did you mean now? I don’t have much homework.”

The real problem of this fragile agreement to experiment surfaces now: where to go. Nancy’s house doesn’t work because her mother and baby sister are at home. Steve’s house doesn’t work because his parents don’t always keep him up to date on their schedule, they care so little about being around him. Jonathan’s house doesn’t work because his brother and all his friends might come through at any time. With El and Max added into the group, it seems like they’re

always biking somewhere for something. El's new to a bike, but they're enjoying teaching her.

"We could maybe, maybe make it work at my house? We'd have to be totally quiet though. No groans, or moaning, or dirty talking." Nancy's pretty sure that'll be a dealbreaker for Steve. He'll never be able to be quiet for that length of time. It's almost a dealbreaker for her, she loves the talking so much. Silence is still better than nothing at all, however.

Jonathan offers, "if we can get my brother to promise to go to someone else's house, we can go to mine."

That sounds like it could work. Nancy starts hustling them to Steve's car. If they hurry they can get to the kids before they land somewhere.

It's a whole herd of bikes that Steve pulls up on. They slow to a stop, Dustin being the first -of course with all the mentoring time he's the first to recognise Steve's car- and Nancy hops out. She's met with six identical worried looks, because they all have PTSD from everything they've seen and fought.

"Mike, can I talk to you for a sec?"

Lucas holds out an arm and keeps Mike's bike with the group as Mike follows her out of earshot.

"What's going on?" He demands. Nancy can practically see his worry for El and Will blossom in his eyes.

"Nothing to worry about. Just, would you go over to our house today?"

"What?"

"I don't know what plans you had, but could everyone hang out in our basement? Play one of your DnD games?" She can't call it a nerd game the way she usually does, she doesn't want to piss him off and make him contrary.

Except, of course, Mike is a ornery little shit at all times. "What?"

Why?"

"I will give you five bucks," Nancy offers.

"Give each of us five bucks," Mike counteroffers. The little bastard.

"Excuse me?"

"Give each of us five bucks," he repeats. "It's not an emergency, you wouldn't bribe me for a real problem. So it's just that you want it, and if you want it you're willing to pay for it."

"You might have gone there anyway!"

Mike shrugs, devious grin on his pale freckled face. "You'll never know."

Ten bucks from each of them honestly isn't even that bad. It has to be worth it to get this chance, right? The alternative is not cementing this today, Jonathan thinking about it too much, and coming up with a dozen excuses for why it can't happen.

She walks the few feet to the car and waits for Steve to roll down the window a little. "I need ten bucks from both of you, he's demanding a tithe."

Steve picks up his wallet from the centre console and fishes out a twenty. "I've got this," he tells Jonathan.

The drive to the Byers house is short, and loud. Steve has wisely cranked up the radio so they don't have to talk. He parks on the gravel driveway, and takes the lead all the way to the front door, where he has to take a step back so Jonathan can pull out his keys. They don't waste time with manners, with gestures like offering an after school snack, or talking about homework they each need to complete, Nancy and Jonathan actually caring about grades. Instead Jonathan leads them directly to his bedroom. It's full of soothing colours, tans and a dark teal carpet. The sun streaking through the window casts pale butter yellow light on half the room.

"You... You said you wanted to have sex with Nancy while I watch. So I'll just sit in my armchair, and you can use the bed." Jonathan's

wrong. What Steve offered was for Jonathan to have sex with her, while he watched. But if transferring the act is what makes him more comfortable, Nancy's willing to go with it.

In front of Jonathan in his chair and Steve standing, Nancy strips down to her bra and panties. It's not quite the main course, but for now she's stopping there. Her underclothes are pretty, she's wearing a pink polka dot matching set. It's not her usual, but she and Steve had the highest hopes for today. Nancy got dressed this morning holding her breath, and she knows Steve spent even longer than normal on his hair. She lets Steve get a good long look at her before she presses up against him, and tilts her head back for a kiss. He angles down and their lips touch. It's brief moment of chasteness before he slides his tongue into her mouth and her eyes flutter closed.

The problem is she doesn't think this is enough to make it different for Jonathan. He's had to watch them making out in the hallways countless times. Probably more than once a day, since they got together. Nancy knows he's been jealous in the past. He even gave her that stupid speech about faux rebellion and suburban expectations last year. Making out in or out of clothes probably still triggers the same jealous left out feeling. What Nancy would most like to do is cross the room, kneel on the floor and arch her head up to meet his slouching body. They could kiss as she stretches up to touch him. But that's not what Jonathan requested, and she has a feeling that a threesome takes even more talking out than a normal relationship. So she stays with Steve, and hopes that Jonathan's staring at her ass.

Steve's hands on her upper back as he's walking backwards steer her to the bed. Steve pulls her down with him, and they hit the bed with a bounce and a screech of springs. It's much creakier than hers or Steve's, but that makes sense. It's probably the same mattress he had when he first traded in a crib. The Byers have never had money.

They don't kiss for long once they're situated. Instead Steve pushes his thumbs into the elastic surrounding her hips and pulls down. Nancy moves her legs so the tiny scrap of fabric slides further and further until she can kick them off her ankles. The denim of Steve's jeans is smooth on her thighs, smooth and cold. She angles her body up so that she can open his zipper, and they do the same dance in

reverse.

She wonders what it looks like to Jonathan as they grind their bodies together, if he has any sort of clue what's touching and how it feels. Nancy could do this forever. There's a certain angle at which grinding directly hits her clit. If she did this for long enough she'd come before Steve ever got anywhere near her with hands or tongue or dick.

Steve breaks first. Of course he does. As his cock rubs against her he groans out "fuck, your skin is so hot. It's like rubbing against a hairdryer."

It's not the best of compliments. It's not something that Nancy would normally want to be compared to. But she understands the sentiment behind it. She does run warm, hence all the light cotton blouses. And she likes Steve saying it out loud, surely prompting Jonathan to think about it. Maybe he's flashing back to their night together a month ago, how her skin was soft and warm as they fucked in the dark.

"I love the way you feel, Nance. As good on the outside as you do on the inside."

Her lungs flutter a sigh and she grinds her pelvis down. God she wants to be fucked. Her climax is rising with each movement of her pussy on Steve's thigh. She can get there without something in her, but just because she *can* doesn't mean it's the best way.

"Can you-" she starts. It's kind of hard to ask. It should be easy, she loves all the filth Steve spews. It turns her on, even as it sometimes makes her redden and tuck her head. Maybe it's their witness that makes her blush and pause.

"Jonathan, I think you should come and finger Nancy," Steve calls out. He's got this wicked smile on his face, like he knows he's being devious and is so proud of himself he could spit. For her part, Nancy flushes as her pussy sends a bolt of lightning through her whole body. The mere idea of it, of Steve and Jonathan touching her at the same time, for *real*, not just a dirty talk fantasy, is enough to make her squeeze her legs together.

Nancy rolls off of Steve. with a mental wrench like pulling magnets,

she opens her legs and flashes her wet pussy at Jonathan. There's less sensation to enjoy with spread legs, but there's an exponential pleasure at luring in the person they both yearn for.

Jonathan is hesitant as he comes close. It's like he's approaching a cluster of birds that he doesn't want to fly away. Nancy crowds in beside Steve, nearly forcing him to spoon her, to give Jonathan the room to sit down. It doesn't surprise her that he doesn't ask if they're sure. He's too shy for that sort of thing. Better to just go for it and maybe be rebuked than have to talk about it.

His hand goes up her inner thigh like melting butter on pancakes, a sumptuous ooze that makes Nancy's mouth water. She reaches back and grabs at Steve's hand. He's propped himself on a pillow, so he can look over her shoulder at what Jonathan's doing, which right now is only touching the crease of leg and pubic mound so lightly she wants to scream. Who would have thought erotic tickling was a thing?

"Fuck, Jonathan, you don't even know how much she wants you right now. I bet her pussy's aching to be fucked. Sometimes she gets like that, you know? Real desperate. I bet if you and me weren't here she'd find the nearest thing and just rub on it until she came."

Nancy swallows on nothing and her whole body tenses. Steve's right, he's so right, but hearing it...

"But you are here, and you're going to touch her, aren't you? Get her good, until she's coming, flooding your hand with wet. She wants it, so bad-" Jonathan is blushing, from forehead all the way down his neck to where his neck disappears into the collar of his t-shirt. Nancy's not sure what's hotter; Steve's words or how much they're affecting Jonathan.

Except that's when Jonathan slides two fingers up her pussy. She's so wet it's like a glide, like if his fingers were a foot long they could just keep going into her deepness. So fuck both of them, fuck Jonathan's licking his lips and Steve's mantra of crude near-humiliation. *She's* the hottest one in this room.

"-Yeah, just like that, Jon. That's exactly right. Are you going to

thrust those pretty fingers in and out, make her come? Or are you going to stay still, and make her want it, make her beg? You could make her beg, Jon, I know you could.”

Jonathan is clearly being driven by Steve’s words. He still doesn’t say anything, but he starts pumping his fingers, fast enough that Nancy has to really crank her hips to meet his pace. She tries to stop her whimpers but it’s impossible, every choked moan comes out of her lips like a dragon spitting jewels.

Steve start helping then, for a twisted definition of the word. He lets go of her hand and instead uses that hand to slink around her leg and go straight for her clit. She comes with two hands from two different boys on her, and can practically hear Steve gloating about that fact. Imagining his tone commenting on it gives Nancy her last aftershock before she pushes away in the general direction of their hands - orgasm wringing her fine motor movement from here- and hopes they get the message.

“Was that. Was that good?”

It’s the first time Jonathan’s spoken since they entered his bedroom. She wonders if his awe has been building the whole time, or if he would have sounded just as impressed the minute she took her shirt off.

“It was so good, baby boy,” Steve rushes to say.

Nancy rolls to the side to face him. “You can kiss me, Jonathan, as long as you don’t touch my pussy. I need a break for a second.”

Jonathan tastes like innocence defiled. Well, he really tastes like Coke, but Nancy is so fucking delighted and hopeful in the wake of her first threeway orgasm that she can only imagine how sexually mind blown Jonathan is. She kisses him, swirls her tongue against him, taking the lead. Then she reaches down. Thankfully she’s had a lot of practice with Steve opening a belt in a variety of situations. One partially pinned hand and one free one while not looking down is hardly her hardest challenge. After a bit of maneuvering Nancy’s got his cock in hand. She breaks their kiss for a minute to spit on her hand, then grasps it again, and this time starts stroking him. She has

a feeling it's not going to take long.

Meanwhile Steve behind her has snuggled up. His dick is between her cheeks, rutting against her cleft. If they were alone she'd start up about how Jonathan would only get fucked like this if Steve demonstrated first, to prove it's okay, but she can't say that now. Not in front of the object of their filth. Nancy stays quiet, lips against Jonathan's her excuse, and lets her boys fuck her in these shallow, easy ways. She can only hope some day in the future they'll progress to something they'll be feeling for days afterward.